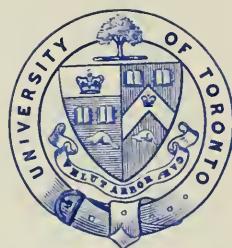
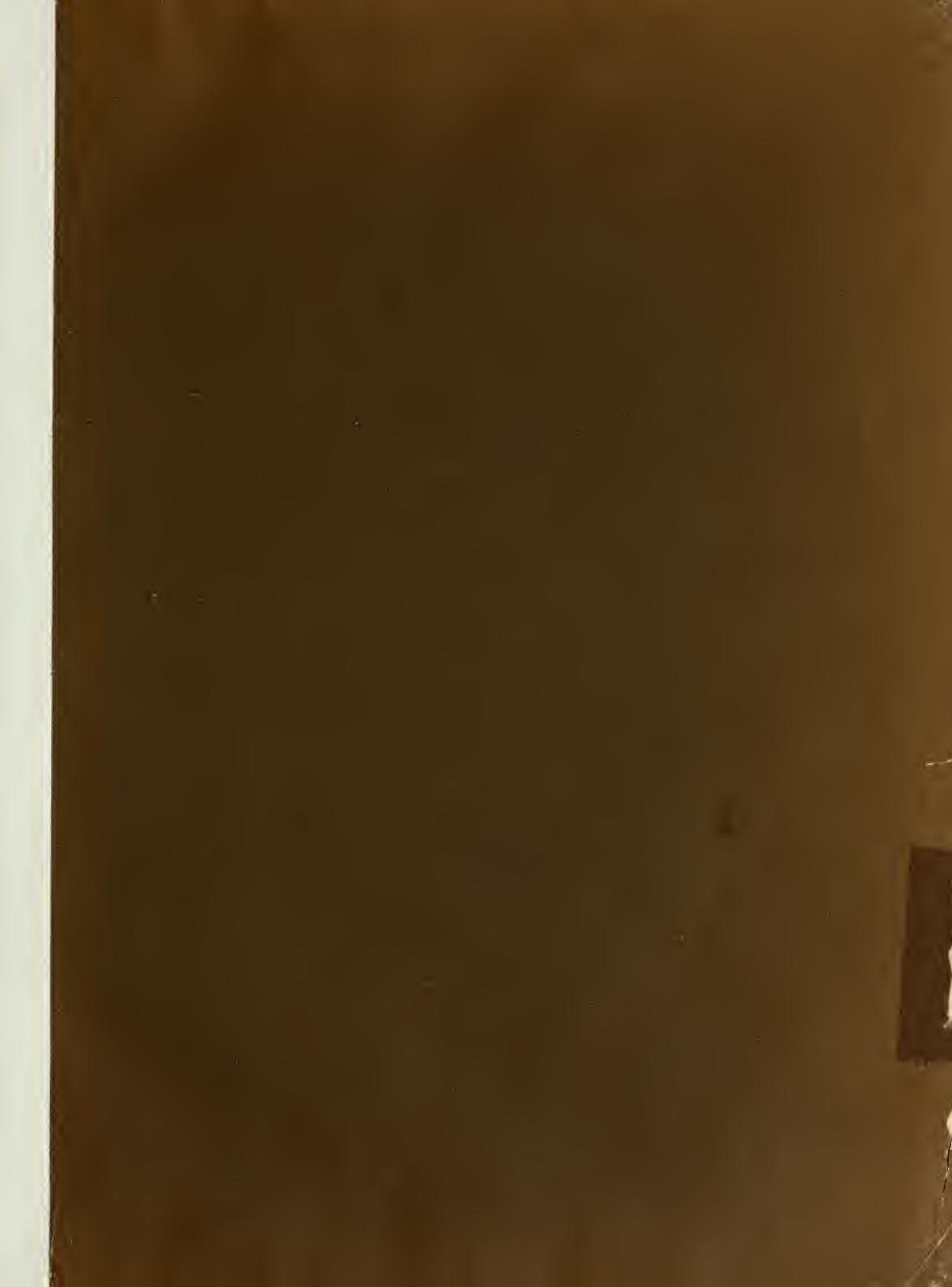


*GRIMALDI'S  
ORATION*

*HOLBEIN  
SOCIETY*

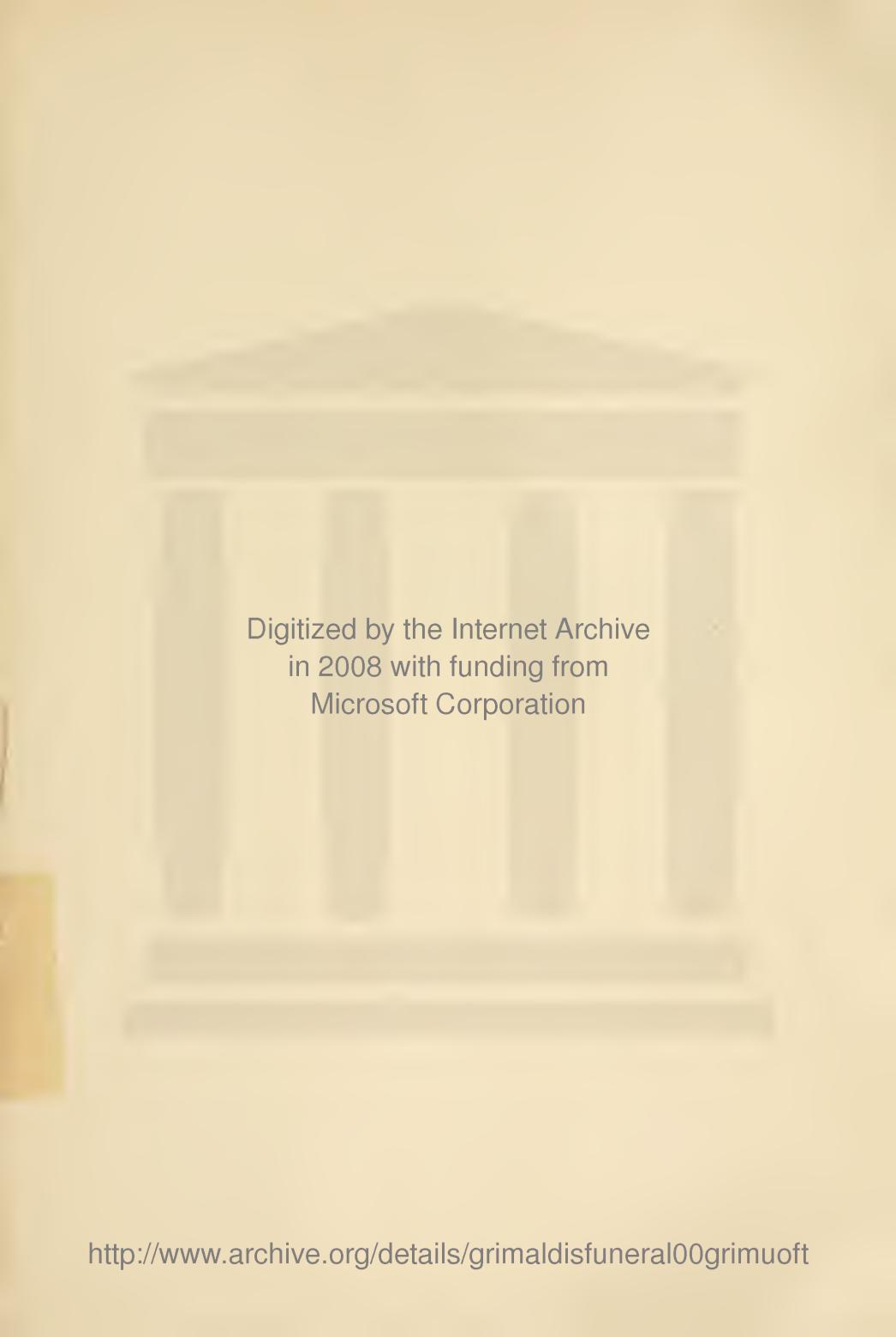


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Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.  
to the Library  
of the  
University of Toronto  
1901





BEQUEST OF  
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.  
TORONTO, 1901.



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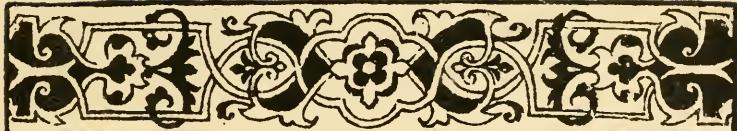
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No. 6



GRIMALDI'S

## Funeral Oration

January 19, 1550,

FOR

ANDREA ALCIATI;

*In Photo-lith Fac-simile.*

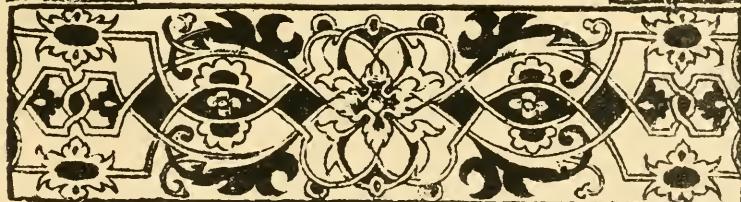
WITH

A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.

*Edited by HENRY GREEN, M.A.*

Published for the Holbein Society by  
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## P R E F A C E.

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IRTUES, in the fullest extent to which human effort can attain, never truly deserve those unmeasured praises which to the authors of Funeral Orations so often appear necessary, if not essential. Vitiated and faulty, offensive to good taste, and built up on unsound principles as are many of the panegyries, the laudations, the *lodi*, which from Greek and Latin down

to Italian times have prevailed, and thence through Italy have spread among all the countries of the modern civilization; we should commit an injustice, were we to declare that flattery of an unscrupulous kind must always be interwoven with them, and summon exaggeration to its aid. This Funeral Oration for Alciati is, indeed, much overdrawn; there is some very vapid declamation in it, and where most it is successful, there is found a want of the natural flow of eloquence which makes an articulate-speaking man so powerful; yet there is in Grimaldi an honest heartiness which shows that the Orator himself, how much soever he may have failed in clearness of expression, thought what he uttered, and bestowed

much pains as well as feeling to make his thought understood and to pervade the minds of his hearers.

As stated elsewhere,—“In translating this Oration, the Editor has derived much guidance, as to the general meaning and force, from a highly valued friend, who allowed him the use of his English version, and whose kindness is now acknowledged; but the Editor has thought it better, at some expense of elegance it may be, to follow rather closely the language and form of the original. The *Carmina* on Alciati’s death and renown are no part of the Oration, and they are left in their original Latin.”

Those were indeed great funeral themes which engaged the genius of Pericles and Demosthenes; the *one*, when the Athenians publicly solemnized the memory of such as were first killed in the Peloponnesian war, B.C. 431; the *other*, when the same honour was decreed for those who fell in the fatal conflict of Chæroneia, B.C. 338; but a theme on a similar subject, though much inferior in importance, was, in October, 1571, assigned at Venice to Paolo Pavia, “in laude de’ morti,” in praise of the dead, “at the victorious battle against the Turks fought at Cursolari.” With much joy the orator spoke of their valour, and esteemed theirs a most happy fate. “But it is time,” he said, “that I should cease praising with the tongue those whose praises in the memory of men will not have any bound, except with the world itself.”

About the time of Alciati’s death, and down at least to the end of the last century, the practice was observed of pronouncing over men exalted for rank or character, a solemn laudatory speech. Of such speeches, a considerable number—*fifty*—were collected by William Roscoe, the historian of the Medici, and are preserved in the very excellent library of the Chetham College, Manchester.

Belonging to the sixteenth century, and beginning with Leonardo Salviati’s *Orazione* on the death of the most illustrious Don Garzia de’ Medici, in 1562, there are *thirteen* of these Funeral Orations. They are generally of a small quarto size, containing from 16 to 65 pages, and usually end with the words “*Io ho detto*,” I have

said it. Many of them are translations from the original Latin into the tongue of Florence.

No less than five of these Orations celebrate the death and virtues of Cosimo de' Medici, who died in 1574, Grand-duke of Tuscany and Grand-master of the Cavaliers of S. Stephen. The Oration by Leonardo Salviati, in the church of the Order, has on its title the pretty device of a tortoise with hoisted sail, and the old motto, *FESTINA LENTE, On-slow*, as one of our English nobles translates the Latin: another by Piero Vettori, in the church of S. Lorenzo, bears the device of a ship with full sails, and the motto *ET POTEST ET VVLT, It both can and will*: the third by Geo. Batista Adriani, in the public palace, presents a portrait of Cosimo and an inscription below it, declaring it to be the gift of Pius V., in testimony to Cosimo's "peculiar delight and zeal for the Catholic religion, and especial love of justice:" the fourth by Pietro Angelio da Burga, in the Duomo of Pisa, contains as well the ducal arms as Cosimo's portrait: and the fifth, by Benedetto Betti, publicly recited to the Society of S. John the Evangelist, contains an account of the funeral obsequies, and at the end the Lily, with the appropriate motto *NIL CANDIDIUS, Nothing fairer.*\*

But, like prayer itself, these praises were not for princes alone. Witness, in 1564, Benedetto Varchi's *Orazione*

\* Besides these Cosimo-Medicean orations, and probably several others, there were published on the same occasion *Canzone*, like the *Carmina* at the end of Grimaldi's work, *i.e.* Odes on the death of the most serene Cosimo Medici, first grand-duke of Tuscany. One set of these was by Giovanni Cervoni da Colle, who also composed *Canzone* on the death of Francisco Medici, in 1587; on the nuptials of Don Cesare d'Este to Donna Virginia Medici, also in 1587; and on the crowning of the Cardinal de' Medici as grand-duke of Tuscany, 1587.

We may note also, as belonging to the end of the same sixteenth century, and as contained in the Roscoe Collection,—1. The Cardinal Niceno's *Lettere et Orazione* to the princes of Italy concerning the impending war against the Turk, 1594; and Scipione Ammirato's *Orazione* at the same time to the pope Sextus V., pertaining to the same subject. 2. Also in 1594, Scipione Ammirato addressed orations to Sextus V. on the preparations which had been made against the power of the Turk; and "to his Lord the most serene and most powerful Catholic king, Philip King of Spain, &c.," "on the pacification of Christendom, and on taking arms unitedly against the Infidels."

*Funerale* at the obsequies of Michelagnolo Bvonarroti, in the church of San Lorenzo; and in 1585, Leonardo Salviati's *Orazione Funerale* "of the praises of Pier Vettori, Senator and Academician of Florence, by order of the Florentine Academy, in the church of Santo Spirito."

The Roscoe collection of *Lodi* possesses 12 similar Orations delivered in the seventeenth century, between 1614 and 1664; and 26 Funeral Orations of the eighteenth century, between 1709 and 1781. By any one disposed to the work, many curious extracts might be gathered from these memorials of the illustrious dead; but to make such a work complete, a very wide area would have to be examined. Augustus pronounced the Funeral Oration for the young Marcellus,—and Nero for his wife Poppaea. Over Christian martyrs the holy words of commendation were uttered; and in later times, at the burial hour of philosophers and poets, of statesmen, generals, and philanthropists, of mighty princes and of noble patriots, the tongue of the eloquent has spoken many a vain flattery and many a solemn truth. Laymen, no less than ecclesiastics, have joined in the practice; and the Academies of Italy and France have set the whole civilized world the example of rendering speech the vehicle of praise. "Of the dead nothing but good" has been too much their rule;—"nothing set down in malice" might be the better guide.

Of the two ornamental capitals employed, the V presents the Alc, or Elk, the badge of the family of the Alciati; the H, the *Cornucopiæ* and Mercury's wand, which Paolo Giovio and the medal in the Museum Mazzuchellianum have attributed to the Jurisconsult himself, Giovio adopting for motto, *VIRTVTI, FORTVNA COMES*, *Fortune the companion to virtue*, and Mazzuchelli, when corrected, *ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΔΙΚΑΙΟΥ ΚΑΡΠΟΣ ΟΥΚ ΑΠΟΛΑΥΤΑΙ*, *The fruit of the just man perishes not.*

H. G.

HEATHFIELD, KNUTSFORD,

July 27th, 1871.



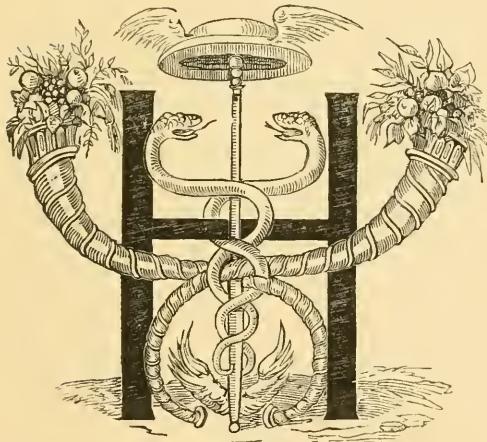
## FUNERAL ORATION

*Delivered at Pavia, January 19th,  
M.D.L.*

IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH,  
AT THE FUNERAL  
OF THE VERY FAMOUS JURISCONSULT

ANDREA ALCIATI,

BY  
ALEXANDER GRIMALDI OF ANTIPOlis.



OW GREAT, alas! was the wound which lately the Commonwealth of Christians received by the decease of Andrea Alciati, a man confessedly the chief of all ages and of all memory in learning and virtue. The loss not even he, on whom nature

has bestowed the highest fulness and faculty of speaking, could in any way, I say not, encompass by eloquence, but even enumerate by narrating. For where in man has there

ever been such integrity of life? such constancy of purpose? and, lastly, such knowledge of all sciences? Who, except the utterly senseless, will deny that he was instinct with a divine spirit?

On diligently considering these things within myself, I had, in truth, determined to decline the office of addressing you; for I knew that I must speak before so thronged and grave a presence and audience of learned men as never in my memory have been in any place. Therefore I was afraid, lest the undertaking of that office might appear boldness towards you rather than affection, and rashness rather than duty. In acuteness of genius and in gravity of judgment, and in the art and practice of speaking (on which, when a youth, I did not spend much of my time), I am left far behind you all; and shall I then dare to touch upon the praises of the man who was eminent for every kind of talent, especially for eloquence, and for authority in this position, to which none but the highest ability ought to be brought?

But, most honourable Fathers! if once you recognise the nature and the reasons of my case, you will, I think, understand that I have entered upon this province of speaking, not from any self-confidence of discharging the office, but lest some one might fail to find in me the dutifulness of a grateful disciple towards his Preceptor.

For this man, by divine and immortal qualities, to that degree had captivated not only his own people, but (so much of human perfection had nature bestowed upon him) all those of France also, that it must have shamed us, being bound to him by the eternal memory of benefits, if the gratitude which to him living and breathing we had not *shown* (for we were not able to do it), we had not paid to the dead with a mind remembering what is the very greatest which our souls could attain. Him therefore would we honour with some *solemn* oration.

Now, though such an oration may obscure the singular and choice virtues of a man endowed with divine genius, with admirable learning and with wisdom beyond belief, instead of illustrating his greatness,—I yet prefer elo-

quence to be demanded against me, rather than to be suspected of an ungrateful soul, if I should not do that. For I think that the death of him who is considered to have bestowed benefits on all men should be honoured not only by public grief, but also by public memorials.

Be ye all, whose countenances and features I contemplate not without great satisfaction of mind, present then in soul as ye are in body, and with most attentive minds and the highest benignity, listen to me while I say a few things concerning the praises of Andrea Alciati, our most renowned Preceptor.

Surely a great and arduous burden has this day been laid upon me—of praising by far the greatest and most illustrious man of all who are, have been, or will be. Therefore must my mind be roused and elevated, that ye with your ears may be sensible of the dignity of so great a theme, and that we may grasp the comprehensive oration by mind and thought.

What shall I do? What first shall I seek? Whence especially shall I make a beginning? Already, doubtless, not only am I moved in soul, but I tremble in every limb; nor is there any part of my body able sufficiently to perform its duty. In speaking, shall I touch upon the memory of his incredible virtues? Shall I, by my oration, increase the general grief, or sorrow, by which we all are distracted and torn asunder, and are weighed down and consumed? But I fear if I shall do this, lest I, who ought to comfort the souls of you all which are more than enough affrighted, should thoroughly weaken and break them down by the recalling of this bitter sadness to mind.

By the death of Alciati, to whose virtues no age ever had equal among all mankind, who is not so confounded that there seems neither measure nor intermission of tears, nor any future alleviation? For whoever shall not wish to examine him from his boyhood, and to commence from the beginning, will easily judge him to have gone beyond the usual measure of human ability. Scarcely had he been led forth from the cradle, when he gave to all the signs of highest hope, of highest inborn power of

genius, and of highest virtue, so that all seemed to have foretold concerning him what, according to Plato, Socrates augured concerning Isocrates. Nor, indeed, was he able only to uphold and to maintain the wonderful expectation of himself which he had roused, but he altogether surpassed it.

For, refreshed from the fountains of genius, when he had advanced some little in age, not only did he with the edges of his lips taste those studies by which boyhood is accustomed to be moulded to human culture, and, as is said, touched them with the ends of his fingers, but to every kind of learning he bravely applied the acuteness of his intellect ; as to the toilsome rules of the Grammarians, the distinctions of Orators, the subtleties of Rhetoricians, the notes of Musicians, the measurings of Geometers, the numbers of Arithmeticians, the motions of Astronomers, the pharmaceutics of Medicine, the hidden sentences of Philosophers, and the divine dogmas of Theologians. Even before he had completed the full age of youth, he had by very ample proofs consecrated the memory of his own name. For while yet a young man he wrote very many orations and declamations ; they were ornamented and polished with elegant and pointed sentences and important words ; and no one, except he was stupid, and void of common learning and of the polish of human culture, would judge them filled with puerile fiction and pretence, but the products of lettered old age.

There is in them a certain kind of discourse so liquid, copious, and flowing, that a golden stream of oratory may evidently be seen, and the acumen of the Attics, their eloquence, brevity, and wit, may be recognised. The History of his own country he wove together so truly, purly, and ornately, that there is manifest in it a certain brevity as of Sallust, than which to learned ears nothing can be more perfect ; nor can anything be discovered which is wanting or redundant. Poesy full of enigmas (between which, on Plato's testimony, no one distinguishes) he so studied, exhausted, and expressed, that

within the first threshold of his youth he composed Emblems, Epigrams, Elegies, Comedies, and divers other poems, so gay, so pleasing, so elegant, that nothing could be more cleverly done. The studies of Mathematical demonstrations, of Medicine, of Philosophy, of Theology, he so embraced that, concerning any one thing in them, he could discourse so copiously, lucidly, and without preparation, as to appear to have been always labouring on that one subject alone. But in what pertains to the knowledge of Greek literature he so bestowed all his study and talent on the imitation of it, and so conjoined Latin with Greek, that not less would his Greek than his Latin speech abound in ornaments of every kind. This fact is indicated in many of his speeches, as well in those written by him in Greek as in those translated out of Greek into Latin. Moreover, some Epigrams exist very elegantly composed, and, as I hope,\* very soon about to receive publication.

But the very noble science of war (on the guardianship and protection of which rests a serene and tranquil state of happy peace) he so understood, that you would have said he had been accustomed to do nothing, except to take up a station for a camp, to surround the same with a rampart, to beat off the enemy, and to draw up an army in array. Lastly, that I may bring together my remarks into a few words, there is no one branch of knowledge of which distinct traces may not be found in him.

Since, in all these kinds of learning, he far excelled others, and already excited among men the highest admiration, he determined that his own genius, so ready and copious, should be no longer spent on these subjects, nor should his divine memory of things and words be employed upon them, in which he much surpassed Cyrus, Mithridates, and Charmides; but from these pursuits, which are worthy of a liberal-minded man, he turned aside, when somewhat advancing in age, to a choicer kind of knowledge.

\* A hope not yet fulfilled.

Wherefore he thoroughly gave himself up to the most sacred wisdom, that of the Civil Law, altogether devoted himself to it, and upon it placed all care, labour, industry, and, lastly, all desire. To this pursuit he had not in his youth given up much time, yet the honours of the Juris-consult he attained in less than the seventh year, with the highest commendation of learned men. To Milan, his true native country, which has always flourished in fame, and in glory, and in learning, and in warlike praise, he soon betook himself; and there, for almost three entire years, he was engaged in the courts as an advocate, with so great an increase of fame, that his gate, like that of Scipio Nasica of old or of Quintus Mutius, was daily thronged by a crowd of citizens and by the splendour of the highest men.

His singular learning no longer lay hidden in darkness, but was placed in the light of Gaul, in the eyes of Italy, and in the ears of all families and nations. Being sent for by the people of Avignon to fill the public office of professor, he was constituted Count Palatine of the sacred Court of the Lateran by Leo X, the chief pontiff; and though up to that day he had never mounted the Chair, he deserved the stipend of six hundred crowns. Here he tarried some years, and the glory of his name so filled the circle of the lands, that Francis, the most Christian king of the French, called him to the University of Bourges, with a doubled honorarium, and with one thousand two hundred crowns assured.

He was soon sent for from distant countries, and on his resisting, and in some way refusing, Franciscus Sforza, duke of Milan, lawfully laid his hands upon him, and honouring him with the fullest senatorial rank, obtained from him the promise that he would teach at Pavia. A little after he sought Bologna, the foster-child of studies, and there being most honourably received, he was for four years Professor of Civil Law, with a mighty concourse of hearers. Being recalled to Pavia (at the command of the most serene Emperor Charles), he resided here for some years; but, prevailed upon by the very ample promises

of Duke Hercules, he next visited Ferrara, and raised up the prostrate university. At length, after many toils in wandering about, he returned to Pavia, and here placed his seat and home, and taught three or four years at most, with a constant attendance of learned men flowing in from every side.

Lastly, after suffering from pain of the feet for some years, at first indeed slightly (as happens), but soon more severely and frequently, he laboured under continual fever in addition. In the course of fourteen days gradually worn out, with his senses always sound until he perished, he met death on the 11th of January, not exceeding his fifty-eighth year. He rendered back and bequeathed his soul to God, from whom he received it; and when cast down from his high home, and as if sunk to the earth, he gave his body to the ground, not without the greatest weeping and lamentation of all.

But why do I commemorate weeping and lamentation? Milan mourns, Pavia grieves, Italy sits in the dust, France is afflicted; finally, all provinces complain that so divine a Jurisconsult has been deprived of this life. For whoever has so clearly and elegantly interpreted the answers of Jurisconsults, the constitutions of Princes, the sacred canons of Pontiffs? Who, up to this very time, has written respecting all these so truly and eloquently? Has he not indeed added to the knowledge of the laws (of which it is the sister) such great eloquence as none of the ancients possessed, and as to none of the moderns has it been granted to hope for, or even distinctly to desire? This fact is abundantly declared by the Paradoxes, by the Balanceings of Accounts, by those books, most celebrated in the discourse of all men, concerning the Signification of words and things, and by countless other works of his, which we have daily in our hands. Him, therefore, shall we not mourn? His death shall we not deplore? The true and genuine glory and ornament of our most sacred Civil Wisdom being extinguished, shall not we complain?

O wretched and miserable race of mortals! O cruel

fates, lying in ambush for all good men! O night on which he breathed forth his soul,—then, of all times, the sharpest and most bitter! So hast thou not despoiled us of a very precious gift divinely sent down to us from heaven? So hast thou not taken away the pleasure beyond belief which we gained from his most agreeable companionship! So hast thou snatched away from us unawares the oracle of the whole Christian Commonwealth! Now, of a truth, has Italy been despoiled of its brightness and peculiar flower, Milan of its splendour, every family and nation of its very clearest light. Voice, strength, words will fail me if I should wish to declare aloud how miserable, how wretched, how bitter to us may the death of this man be.

Already I seem to myself to hear Jurisprudence, mourning and cast down, to break forth into these words: Where is the resplendent brightness? where the assured protection? where Andrea Alciati, my only safety? Where is he, who, by the elegance of his speech, began to increase me when I was lessened, and by the greatness of his genius, by the gravity of his judgments, and by the power of his eloquence, has strengthened me when I was weakened, defended me when I was tossed and driven about by many injuries, came to assist me when thrown headlong, drew me forth from the waters when sinking, and raised me up when afflicted and lost?

O ruthless death! hast thou not so suddenly envied me this glorious light as almost to bring upon me eternal darkness? Hast thou not hurled against his body so bloody a dart, that pristine savagery might deform me afresh? Hast thou not exercised against him so detestable a tyranny as to despoil me of all my ornaments?

But whither is this oration sliding? or what end at length has been proposed to me? Is it that I should help your sorrow by my own tears? Is it, indeed, that I should console you with my oration, and drive away your grief? To greater length, therefore, I will not proceed; I will recall myself to my proper duty and purpose. Clear away your sorrow, my hearers, and lay aside all memory of

grief! Death made ready, set before us, defined, is in like manner common to all, as a true debt of nature:—

“ We owe to death ourselves and ours;  
Nor does it spare beauty, riches, or imperial powers.”

For—

“ Pale death with equal foot beats at poor men's cottages,  
And at the towers of kings.”

If, indeed, according to the truest sentiment of philosophers, we wish to examine this whole matter a little deeper, we shall very readily judge that life, and not death, is true. For (as it is in Euripides)—

“ Who knows not that to live is but to die?\*  
And that by mortals, to die is deemed to live?”

For, from a certain wise man we have heard that we are now dead, and that for us the body is our sepulchre; and that then we truly live, when we are liberated from this dark prison of earth and emigrate to the citadel of heaven. Now, in what way can this be named life, which, like a most stormy sea, is daily tossed by tempests and waves? The ancient Fathers, thinking excellently of this very thing, have compared such a life to a game of dice. Nor, undeservedly, has Euripides named it “one little day;” Phalereus Demetrius, “a point of time;” but, best of all, Pindar, “the dream of a shadow.”

Now at length therefore lives—lives the divine Alciati, and instead of this mortal condition, he has obtained immortality of life, and that glory which can scarcely be bounded by heaven itself. He has left behind the very firmest safeguards of virtue, which alone, when all other things are lost, can (as M. Tully testifies) support themselves. For in the state of mortals there is no stability, no constancy so great, as in those things which are administered by virtue. And virtue is wont to beat back the cruelty of death, and (as it is said) is fastened by the deepest roots, which by no force can ever be overthrown,

\* “ Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἵστι κατθανεῖν,  
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν νομίζεται βροτοῖς.”

and from no place can be removed. He will live—will live, undoubtedly, while the race of men, while nations, while peoples shall exist ; and his life shall remain vigorous in the memory of all ages, posterity will nourish it, eternity itself will always defend it, nor with respect to his praises will any age ever be silent. For his writings are of immortality, not of time.

His home indeed he has changed, but—what this wandering pilgrim did not possess—how firm and stable is the home to which he has attained ! Nature has granted us an inn for sojourning awhile, not for inhabiting. Us mortals she has left exposed to calamities, dangers, diseases, accidents, anxieties, inconveniences, faults, injuries ; that, immortal herself, she might behold those heroes immortal, and pass from toil to rest, from pain to painlessness, from disease to health, from this short age to perpetual life.

Make, therefore, an end to tears, nor any longer bewail the death of our Preceptor, for whoever does that deplores that himself is mortal, and (just like Theophrastus when dying, as recorded by M. Tully) he accuses nature. Alciati has died in his native land, in which it is an illustrious thing to die ; and before he gave up the last breath of life, he so arranged all his affairs that his fortune (which he had obtained, not as a Theban of old, one Ismenias, mentioned by Plato, but by diligence and virtue) he left by will to his heir, Francisco Alciati, whose pure and spotless morals, penetrating genius, and singular knowledge as well of the more polished literature as of the Civil Law, all men commemorate.

So, lastly, to cleanse his soul from all defilement and spot of sin, and with those sacred rites which are wont to be used by such as depart religiously, he desired to placate towards himself the powers above and his own household deities, and to perform the offices due to God, so that no one ought of right to grieve concerning his death.

And now, illustrious Sirs ! let us all, stretched at the feet of that very illustrious man, cast ourselves down, beseech God, Best and Greatest, that into the assembly

and number of blessed souls He may place the man who, during his years, pressed earth (as Homer says), not as a useless heap of clay,\* but, his tale of life well told out, he left to posterity an honourable memorial of himself, who, with such great humanity, wisdom, and piety, has finished the course of life by nature circumscribed to men, and who, lastly, with earnestness so great, has ever observed all things which pertain to the most excellent Christian.

—o—

*The Oration of Alexander Grimaldi, of Antifolis, for  
Alciati.*

'Tell me, I pray, what inferior man the tomb conceals,  
Or whether the great and renowned Andrea Alciati ?  
It possesses of all men, in truth, the noblest,  
And to speak simply, by Jove ! the most illustrious.  
Earth hides the body, which also here is laid ;  
But of Alciati indeed immortal is the glory.

THE END.†

H. G.

HEATHFIELD, KNUTSFORD,

July 27th, 1871.

\* "ἰτώσιον ἄχθος ἀροίρης."

† "Τοῦ Ἀλεξάρδου Γριμάλδου ἀντιπολιτάρου εἰς Ἀλκιατῶν."

Grimaldi's Greek stanza, besides certain inaccuracies, is so illegibly printed that the text itself is uncertain. It is subjoined, with some slight corrections.

Εἰπέ μοι δίοιαι κ' ὀλίγον τινὰ καλύπτει,  
ἢ μέγαν ἀνδρέαν τ' ἔξοχον Ἀλκιατῶν ;  
χεῖνον ἔχει ἀνδρῶν δῆπον καλλιτῶν ἀπάντων  
ώστ' ἄλλως εἰπεῖν νῆ Δια κλεινότατον  
σῶμα δὲ γῆ κρύπτει, τῆνον καὶ ἵνθαδε κεῖται,  
ἄλλα μὲν Ἀλκιάτον ἄμεροτόν ἔστι κλέος.  
τέλος.



Wyman & Sons, Printers,  
Great Queen St. London, W.C.

# ORATIO FVNEBRIS

*INFVNERE D.*

ANDREAE

ALCIATI,  
MEDIOLAN.

Iuriscon. Clarissimi & Cæsareæ Maiestatis  
Senatoris Illustrissimi Ab Alexandro  
Grimaldo Antipolitano habita  
Ticim In Edē Cathedrali ad  
XIII. Cal. Febr.  
M.D.L.



*IMPRESSVM PAPIÆ.*

ORNATISSIMO VIR O  
NICOLAO GRIMALDO FRATRI,  
ALEXANDER GRIMALDV S. S.

**C**VM ad xiiij cal. febr. magni illius viri Andreæ Alciati suo magis quam nostro tempore uita functi interitum in eae cathedrali deplorarem frater ornatißime fuerunt p̄ multi magna autoritatis viri, qui me cum iubere iure suo possent multis precibus rogauerunt, ut orationem a me habitam diuulgarem, ne tam diuinus posthominum memoriā Iurisconsultus nullius funebri oratione hic celebratus fuisse uideretur. quibus cum id diu multumq; de ingenij mei facultatibus magnopere dubitās denegarem, me tamen neque honoris neque ætatis excusatio ab hoc labore uendicauit. Illam itaque in publicum proponere decreui. Neque me Heracliti sententia ab hoc concilio reuocauit qui canē ignotos allatrare, erga notos uero mitiorem esse dicebat. Sicq; inuidiam noxios homines ut nuper euctos infestare, innotos autem iam esse mitiorem. Malo enim cum tantorum uirorum studio sim obsecutus, desiderari prudentiam meam, q̄ si id denegarim benevolentiam. Est autem a majoribus nostris diuinitus inuentum atque institutū, ut si quid in lucem edatur aliquis potissimum maximis quibusdam bonis instructus & ornatus eligatur, quo patrono & defensore id obrectatorum insectationem non reformidans, tutò in publicum exeat.

Quod cum animo meo diu uersarem, te frater amantißime ex cunctis eruditis delegi, quem & doctrinā singulari, et humilitate incredibili, & multarum rerum usu atque experientia (quātum in tuam ætatem cadere potest) reliquis longe prestare iudicaui. Quapropter te oro atque obtestor, ut huc ingenij mei factum quem certe candidissimo animo tibi nuncupauit leta frons te qualem m̄hi semper prestitisti accipias & meum hoc munusculum beneuole ut soles, complectare. Vale.



ORATIO FUNEBRIS  
HABITA TICINI IN FU-  
NERE EXCELLENTISSIMI IVRISC.  
ANDREAE ALCIATI IN ADE CA-  
THEDRALI AB ALEXANDRO  
GRIMALDO ANTIPOLITANO.



VENTVM uulnus  
pro dolor, Christianorum  
Respublica uiri omnium se-  
culorum, omnis memoria,   
doctrina & uirtute facile  
principis Andreæ Alciati  
decessu nuper accep erit, ne  
is quidem cui summā copiam  
facultatemq; dicendi natura largita eſt, non dico complecti  
orando, sed percensere loquendo ulla ratione poterit. Quæ  
enim unquam in homine tanta uitæ fuit integritas? tanta co-  
stantia? tanta deniq; bonarū omnium artium cognitio? Quis  
illum misi penitus ineptus quodam diuino ſpiritu inclinatum  
fuſſe negabit? Quod cum diligenter mecum reputarem hoc  
mehercule dicēdi munere ſuperſcdere decreueram. Etenim  
ſciebam mibi coram frequenti grauiq; doctorum hominum  
conſpectu & conſeffu, quantus mea memoria nunquam ullo  
in loco fuit, diceudum fore. Itaq; timebam ne id me muneris  
ſuſcep iſſe, audacia uobis potius quam obſequium, temeritasq;  
officium uideretur, quod ego qui & ingenij, acumine, & in  
dicij grauitate, & arte aut ſtudio dicendi (in quibus non

multum sané temporis adoleſcens adhuc impendi) procul a  
uobis omnibus relinquor eius hominis laudes, qui omni gene  
re uirtutis maxime floruit oratione complecti, atq; huius au  
toritatē loci, in quem niſi ſumma facultas afferi debuerat,  
contingere auderem. Verum Patres Ampliſ. ſi ſemel in  
ſtituti mei cauſam rationemq; cognoueritis, intelligetis me  
nō huius muneris obeundi fiducia, ſed ne quis grati discipuli  
in Præceptorem officium in me desideraret, hanc orandi  
prouinciam fuſcepiffe. Hic enim nō ſuos ſolum, ſed & nos  
omnes Gallos (tantum humanitatis natura dederat) adeo di  
uinis et immortalibus meritis deuinxit, ut obſtrictos nos me  
moria beneficiorū ſemper ita ſuppidere debuiffet, ſi quam  
gratiam uiuo et ſpiranti non habuimus (referre enim nō po  
tuimus) mortuo memori mente q̄tam maximā animi nostri  
capere poſſent non perſolueremus, eumq; aliqua oratione ce  
lebraremus. Que licet uiri diuino ingenio, admirabili do  
ctrina, incredibiliq; prudentia prædicti ſingulares eximiaſq;  
uirtutes potius ſit dicendo obſcuratura, quam eius ampli  
tudinem illuſtratura, malui tamen eloquentiā in me requiri  
quām ſi id nō fecerim ingratii animi uobis eſſe ſuſpectus. Il  
lius enim mortem qui omnibus hominibus interiijſſe exiſtimā  
dus eſt, non luclu publico ſoliū, ſed etiam monumentis eſſe  
honorandā puto. Adeſtote itaq; omnes animis qui adeſtis  
corporibus, quorum ora uultuſq; non ſine maxima mentis  
delectatione contēplor, meq; paucā de florentiſſimi Præ  
ceptoris nostri Andreæ Alciati laudibus dicentē, attentiſſi  
mis animis ſumma cū benignitate audite. M agnū profecto

atq; arduum hodierno die mihi onus est impositum audito-  
res, omnium qui sunt, fuerunt, erunt, longe maximū atq;  
clarissimum virum laudandi Excitanda itaq; mens et attol-  
lenda est, ut & uos tantæ rei dignitatem percipiatis auri-  
bus, et nos mente cogitationeq; comprehensam oratiæ com-  
plectamur, Quid faciam? quid primum querar? Vnde potis-  
simum exordiar? Iam sanè non solum commoueor animo,  
sed omnibus artibus contremisco, neque illa pars corporis  
mei satis suum officium præstare potest. An incredibiliū  
uirtutum suarum memoriam dicendo refricabo? commu-  
nemq; dolorem uel moerorem potius, quo omnes non distine-  
mur aut duellimur, sed opprimimur ac ardemus oratione  
augebo? At uero si hoc fecero, ne qui uestrum omnium  
animos plus quam satis est consternatos consolari debeam,  
acerbae tristiae recordatiæ penitus debilitè & frangam.  
Quis enim Alcibiatis cuius unius uirtutibus pares omnium  
hominum uirtutes nulla unquam secula habuerunt morte nō ita  
conficiatur, ut neq; modus neq; intermissio lacrymarū neq;  
illa leuatio futura videatur? Nam qui illum à puerō inspi-  
cere et ordiri à principio uoluerit, humani ingenij modum  
excessisse facile iudicabit. Vix enī cunabulis eductus, ea sum-  
me spci, summæ ingenij indolis, summæq; uirtutis signa de-  
dit omnibus, ut de illo quod de Isocr. apud Platone Socra-  
tes auguratus est, omnes prædictissime videantur. Neq; uero  
mirificā expectationem q; sui concitarat sustinere duntaxat  
ac tueri potuit, sed omnino uicit. His enim ingenij fontibus  
irrigatus cūm ætate aliquantulum processisset, nō solum ar-

tes quibus etas puerilis ad humanitatem informari solet pri-  
moribus labris gustauit et extremis ut aiunt, digitis attigit,  
sed ita in Grammaticorum laboriosos, canones, Oratorum  
colores, Dialecticorum argutias, Musicorum tonos, Ar-  
ithmeticorum numeros, Geometrarum dimensiones, Astro-  
logorum motus, Medicorum,  $\tau\alpha\lambda\xi\phi\alpha\epsilon\mu\alpha\alpha$ ,  
Philosophorum abditas sententias, Theologorum divina  
dogmata, in omne denique (ne singula persequar) disciplinarū  
genus aciem mentis ita fortiter intendit, ut plenam nondum  
attigens pubertatē amplissimis monimētis memoriā nominis  
sui cōsecrarit. Scripsit enī adhuc adolescens premultas oratio-  
nes et declamationes adeo cōcinnis et acutis serētētis grauibus  
quod uerbis ornatas et perpolitas, ut nemo figmēti faciāt pue-  
rili sed literater seneclutis plenas nisi hebes cōmūnūter lite-  
rarū et polioris humanitatis expers diuidet. Inest etum  
genus quoddam sermonis ita liquidum, fusum et profluens, ut  
aureum orationis flumē manifesto deprehendatur, atque Atti  
corum acumen, elegan*tia*, breuitas et faceti*æ* agnoscantur.  
Historiam patriam adeo uere, pure, et ornate contexuit,  
ut apparet quædam in illo uelut Sallustiana breuitas, qua-  
nihil apud aures eruditas potest esse perfectius, ut nec quod  
desit nec quod redundet inueniri possit. Poesim ænigmaturz  
plenam (quā quiuis teste Platone non dignoscit) sic didicit,  
hauisit, expressit, ut Emblemata, Epigrammata, Elegias,  
Comœdias et alia diversa poemata, ita festiva, ita concinna  
ita elegan*tia* nihil ut fieri possit argutius, intra primum su-  
uentutis limen con fecerit. Mathematicarum demonstrati-

tonum, medicinæ, Philosophiæ, & Theologie, studia sic  
amplexus est, ut de quacumque re ita copiose luculenter &  
ex improviso dissereret, ut in una qualibet sola & semper  
laborasse uideretur. Quid autem ad Grecarum litterarum  
cognitionem attinet, ita omne suum studium atque ingenium  
ad earum imitationem contulit, Latinaque cum grecis sic  
coniunxit, ut non minus Græca quam Latina illius oratio  
omnibus ornamenitis abundaret. Id indicant tum pleraque  
ab eo græce scripta tū e græcis latine reddita. Quin etiā  
non nulla extant Epigrāmata elegāter admodū cōscripta  
propediem (ut spero) publicū acceptur a. Rei autē militaris  
nobilissimā scīētiā (i cuius tutela et præsidio serēus trāqillus  
q̄; beatæ pacis status aq̄escit, ita calluit, ut illū nihil nisi castris  
locū capere, eadē uallo cingere, hostes propulsare, exercitū  
instruere solitum fuisse dixisses. Nulla deniq̄; ars est (ut i  
pauca conferā) cuius non expressa uestigia apud illū repe  
riātur. Quibus omnibus disciplinis cū cæteris lōge antecel  
leret sūmamq; hominū admiratiōnē iā excitaret, suum ipsius  
ingenium tam facile et copiosum in his diutius consumendum,  
memoriā rerum et uerborum diuinā (qua Cyro, Mithrida  
ti, Charmidæq; multum excelluit) adhibendam non esse iudi  
cauit: sed ab his artibus que sunt libero homine dignæ, ad  
elegantiorē scientiam ætate aliquantulum progrediente  
defluxit. Quapropter sanctissimæ ciuili sapiētiæ se penitus  
dedidit, illi se totum addixit, in ea omnēm curam, laborem,  
industriam, studium denique totum collocauit. Cui cū non  
multum temporis adolescens tribuisset, insignia Iuris consulti

citius Septennio maxima doctorum uirorum prædicatione  
asscutus est. Mediolanū germanam patriam quæ fama,  
quæ gloria, quæ doctrina, quæ bellica laude semp floruit  
mox se recepit, ubi triennium fere integrum aduocatus  
in foro tanta famæ celebritate uersatus est, ut illius ianua  
quemadmodum olim Scip. Nasicæ aut Q. Mutij, maxima  
quotidie ciuium frequentia & summorum hominum splendo  
re celebraretur. Cuius singularis eruditio cùm iam non in  
tenebris lateret, sed in luce Galliæ, oculis Italæ, atq; in au  
ribus omnium gentium et nationum posita esset, ab Auenionen  
sibus ad publicum profitendi munus accersitus, Comes Pa  
latinus sacræ Lateranensis Aulæ à Leone x. Pont. Max.  
constitutus est, & cum nunquam ad eum diem Cathedrau  
ascendiisset, stipendium sexcentorum meruit, ibiq; aliquot  
annos commoratus, ita orbem terrarum nominis sui glo  
ria impleuit, ut illum Franciscus Francorum Rex Chri  
stianissimus duplicato honorario et mille ducetisq; præstitis  
in Biturigensem Academiam uocarit. Accersiuit mox illū  
de longinquis regionibus, resistentiq; & quodammodo ter  
giuersanti iure suo inecit manum Franciscus SF. Medio  
lanensis Dux, amplissimaq; senatoria dignitate ornauit, &  
ut Ticini doceret ab eo impetravit. Bononiam Studiorum  
alumnam paulo post petijt in qua honorificentissime excep  
tus quatuor annos magno auditorū concurso Ius ciuile pro  
fessus est. Ticinum reuocatus (ita iubente Carolo Impera  
tore Sereniss.) aliquot annos hic reredit. Ferrariam Di  
cis Herculis amplissimis cōditionibus adductus deinceps in

uisit, & postratam Academiam extulit. Tandem post  
infinitos peregrinationis labores Ticinum reuersus, hie se-  
des ac domicilium collocauit, docuitque tres aut quatuor an-  
nos ad summum, assidua doctorum uirorum frequentia undi-  
que confluentum. Denique diu pedum dolore aliquot annos  
leuiter quidem primo (ut fit) fortius mox ac crebrius labo-  
raret continua febre adiuncta, paulatim intra decem et qua-  
tuor dies confectus, integris usque dum interiret semper sensi-  
bus, ad tertium Idus Ianuar. quinquagesimum octauum an-  
num non excedens mortem obiit, animumque Deo a quo ac-  
ceperat, ex altissimo domicilio depresso et quasi demersus  
in terram, corpus humo non sine maximo fletu gemutumque om-  
nium reddidit ac reliquit. At quid fletum gemitumque com-  
memoro? Luget Mediolanum, moeret Ticinum, Squalet  
Italia, afflictatur Gallia, omnes denique provinciae tam di-  
uinum Iurisconsultum orbatum hac uita queruntur. Quis enim  
uniquer a deo sincere atque eleganter Iurisconsultorum respon-  
sa, Principum constitutiones, Pontificum sacros canones  
est interpretatus? Quis de his omnibus ita uerē ac diserte  
ad hæc usque tempora scripsit? Num tantam eloquentiam  
legum scientiæ (cuius quasi soror est) coniunxit, quantam  
neque ex ueteribus quisquam habuit, neque ex posteris alicui  
sperare uel plane etiam optare datum est? Id ταῦτα δοξα  
Disputationes, libri illi omnium sermone celebratissimi de  
uerborum & rerum significatione, & alia eius infinita ope-  
ra quæ quotidie in manibus habemus abinde declarat. Huc  
igitur non lugebimus? Illius interitum non deplorabimus?

extinctum uerum & germanū sanctissimae ciuiis sapientiae  
decus & ornamentum non queremur? O mortalium genus  
miserū ac calamitosum. O fortunæ telum acerbū. O fatā  
crudeliā bonis omnibus insidiantia. O noctem qua animam  
efflauit omnium temporū acerrimam atque acerbissimam.  
Siccine nos tam precioso munere diuinitus ē cœlo ad nos de-  
lapso spoliasti? Siccine uoluptatem incredibilem quā ex il-  
lius iucundissima cōsuetudine capiebamus ademisti? Siccine  
oraculum totius Christianæ Reipub. insperantibus nobis  
eripuisti? Nunc mehercule candore & flore proprio Ita-  
lia, splendore suo Mediolanum lumine præclarissimo om-  
nes gentes & nationes sunt priuatæ. Me uox, me latera,  
me uerba deficent, si quām miser, quām calamitosus, quam-  
q; acerbus sit nobis huius uiri obitus uociferari uelim. Iam  
mihi uideor audire Iurisprudentiam mōerentem & demissā  
in has uoces erumpere. Vbi splendidissimus candor? ubi  
præsidium firmissimum? ubi umcum columnen meū Andreas  
Alciatus est? Qui me sui sermonis elegantia, ingenij magni-  
tudine, iudicij gravitate, dicendi facultate diminutā adauit,  
debilitatā confirmauit, multis iniurijs iactatā atq; agitatā  
defendit, præcipitanti subuenit, demersam extulit, afflicta er-  
perdita erexit? O immanem mortem. Tu ne mihi hoc præ-  
clarum lumen tam subito innidisti, ut pene æternas mihi te-  
nebras adferres? Tu ne adeo cruentum in illius corpus telū  
inieciisti, ut pristina barbaries me deuio deformaret? Tu  
ne tyranidem detestabilem in illum sic exercuisti, ut me om-  
nibus ornamentis spoliares? Verū quo hæc delabitur ora

rio? que quis tandem mihi finis est propositus? An ut mærorem  
nestrum lacrymis meis adiuuem? An uero ut oratione  
mea uos consoler doloremq; depellam? Longius itaque non  
progrediar, meq; ad meum munus pensumq; renocabo. Ab  
stergitu lucrum auditores, & mæroris memoriam omnem  
deponite. Mors parata, proposita, definita, & ex æquo  
communis est omnibus quasi naturæ uerum debitum.

Debemur mortinos nostraque.

Nec formæ, nec opibus, nec imperijs, parcit.

Etenim

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas.

Regumq; turreis.

Verum si paulò altius iuxta Philosophorum uerissimam  
sententiam rem hanc totam perscrutari uelimus, uitam esse  
ueram & non mortem facilime indicabimus. Nam (ut est  
apud Euripidem)

Tίδε διδύμη το γῆραμέρεση κατθανάτῳ

Τὸ κατθανάτον δὲ γῆραμέρεση βρετός.

Et nunc forte re uera mortui sumus. Accepimus enim à sa-  
piente quodam nos nunc mortuos esse, corpusq; nostrum se-  
pulchrum esse nobis, & tunc nos uere uiuere, cum ab hoc  
cæco Terrarum carcere liberati, in coeli arcem emigra-  
mus. Nā quo tandem modo uita hæc appellari potest, quæ  
ueluti turbulentissimum pelagus, tot procellis & fluctibus  
quotidie iactatur: quam Talorum iactibus ueteres illi Pa-  
tres de hac re optine sentientes compararunt. Neque eam  
imperito Euripides dieculam unam, Phalereus Demetrius

Bij

temporis punctum, optime uero omnium Pindarus umbræ  
somnia appellauit. Nunc demum igitur uuit uuit diuinus  
Ælcatus, & pro mortali conditione uitæ immortalitatè,  
& cam gloriam quæ uix cœlo capi potest est consecutus.  
Reliquit enim uirtutis præsidia firmissima quæ perditis re-  
bus omnibus sola se (M. Tullio teste) sustentant. Nul-  
la enim in re mortalium tanta inest firmitas, tanta consti-  
tutia, ut his in rebus quæ uirtute geruntur. Et uirtus crudeli-  
tatem mortis propulsare solet, & (ut dicitur) est altissimis  
desixa radicibus, quæ nulla unq; ui labefactari nullo unq;  
loco dimoueri potest. Viuet, uiuet pfecto, dū genus hominū,  
dū gentes, dū populi extabūt, et uita illius memoria seculorū  
omnium uigebit, posteritas alet, ipsa æternitas semp intuebi-  
tur neq; ulla unquā ætas de suis laudibus cōticeſcat. Scripta  
enim illius immortalitatis non aetatis sunt. Domicilium quide-  
mutauit, sed ut firmum & stabile quod hic tanquā peregrini-  
nus non habebat cōſequeretur. Commorandi enim nobis na-  
tura diuersorum non habitandi dedit. Nos mortales cala-  
mitatibus, periculis, morbis, casibus, curis, incontidis, uitijs,  
iniurijs, obnoxios reliq: ut immortales illos herōas immor-  
talis inuiseret, ex labore ad quietem, ex dolore ad indolen-  
tiam, ex morbo ad sanitatem, ex ætate breui ad perpetuam  
defluxit. Lacrymarum itaque finem aliquem facite, neque  
mortem Præceptoris nostri diutius deplorate. Qui enim id  
agit, se mortalem esse deflet, ac naturam (quemadmodum  
Theophrastus moriens apud M. Tullium) accusat.  
Mortuus est in patria, in qua decedere præclarum est

atque antequam extremum uitæ spiritum ediderit, ita omnia  
sua composuit, eum fortunarum suarum ( quas non ut olim  
Thebanus Ismenias apud Platonem) sed diligentia & vir-  
tute parauerat Franciscum Alciatum hæredem testamè-  
to reliquit, cuius candidos nineosq; mores, ingenium perspi-  
cax, & singularem tum literarum humaniorum, tuu etiam  
Iuris civilis peritiam omnes commemorant, Ita denique am-  
mum omni labe & macula peccati expurgare, cumq; his  
quæ ritè decedentibus adhiberi solent sacris deos sibi supe-  
ros atque manes placare, & debita officia Deo præstare  
uoluit, ut de eius interitu nullus iure dolere debeat. Nunc  
autem viri percelebres omnes ad pedes strati iaceamus ob-  
secrantes Deum Optimum Maximum ut eum qui suos  
annos non ἵτωσιν ἀχεις ἀρούρης. ( ut inquit Homerus ) ter-  
ram pressit, sed graviter peracta hac uitæ fabula, honestā  
sui memoriam posteris reliquit, qui tanta humanitate pru-  
dentia & religione exiguum hoc uitæ curriculum homini-  
bus à natura circumscripsum confecit, qui tanto denique stu-  
dio omnia quæ sanctissimi Christiani sunt, semper obserua-  
uit, in animorum beatorum cætum ac numerum reponat.

Τῷν Ἀλεξανδρον, γειράλδον ἀντιπολιτάσιον τοῖς Ἀλκιάτον.

Εἰςτε μοι δέσμοι τούτοις τινά σῆμα καλύπτει  
η μέγινον ἀνδρεῖον τέλευτον ἀλκιάτοις;  
χειροι ἔχειν ἀνδρῶν δικπου καλλίσον ἀπόκτων  
ως τούτης ἐπειδή οὐ δίκαιονέτατον  
εἴμαστε γῆ γεύπτει, τῆς ομοιού εἰσόδει κατέται,  
εἰλαχέρην ἀλκιάτοιν εἴμαστεπόμεισι καλέσει.  
τιλασ.

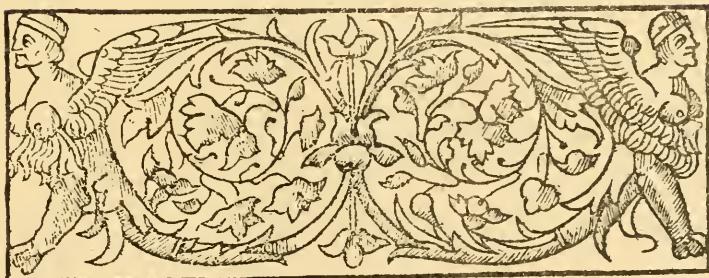
ELEGIA DE MORTE  
D. ANDREAE ALCIATI,  
PER ALEXANDRVM GRIMALDVN  
ANTIPOLITANVM.



*V*M cuperent magnos crudelia fata Ticini:  
Eripere & placida luce carere uiros.  
*I*nsignem subito feriunt virtute Salernum,  
Impia nec terris plura uidere sinunt  
*O*cyus &ndulphum rapiunt, morbisq; medentem  
Diuine nobis eripit una dies.  
*N*ec te magnanimum heroem Butigella rachebo  
Qui facis interitu squalida cuncta tuo.  
*N*uper at &ndream nondum satiata uocarunt  
Alciatum, o magnis iniuida fata uiris.  
*P*ierides lugent, moeret Tritonia Pallas,  
Deflet & extinctum pulchra Thalia decus.  
Et queritur raptum nobis Grinæus & pollo  
Alciatum, ac tanti iusta querela dei est.  
*N*am quis non doleat circum præcordia tantum  
Fata breui nobis eripuisse uirum?  
Sed quid dico uirum? longè mortalia quæ sunt  
*V*icit, ut hunc hominem nemo fuisse putet.  
*M*ortales uisit, nos ut diuina doceret,  
Et peteret tandem regna relicta prius.  
*Q*uod fecit, mentemq; Deo satur hac dedit aura  
Reddidit & terre corpus inane lubens,

*Ingenij monumenta sui tamen ampla reliquæ.  
Heros, non ulla deperitura die.  
Quæ legite, O uestris manibus persæpe tenete.  
Nomen O Alciati concelebrate precor.  
F I N I S.*

*P A P I A E.  
Apud Franciscum Moschenum Bergomensem, Et  
Ioannem Baptistam Nigrum, Socios  
Ciuesq; Papienses. Anno  
Dominii. M. D. L.*





# C A R M I N A

## S T E P H A N I G V A T I I.

ALCIATI LACRIME.



**E**RGO ne mortales tot cantus, totq; choreas?  
Durabunt longos ocia vestra dies?  
Ergo ne delicias vixisse in pune licebit?  
Plaudite num quisquam posse videre putat?  
Tanta ne pectoribus vestris migrauerit vñquam  
Letitia: heu poenas omnia fine dabunt.  
Miscentur lachrymis cælestia regna, minantur  
Exitium terris luctibus attonita.  
Iam prope cœlestis, mundi et nil machina distat,  
Iam prope cœlestis machina facta Chaos.  
Nunc, nunc mortales dici cupiuntq; voluntq;  
Cœlicolæ, lachrymas dantq; superq; satis.  
Obiicit ANDRÆ AE causam mors dura doloris  
Orbatum queritur numine quisq; suo.  
Hument plectra, situm suspensaq; barbita ducunt  
Atq; manum Phebus continet ipse lyra.  
Mutescunt querulæ, non amplius æthera complent,  
Deseruere suum nunc Helycona Deœ.  
Edocet quondam Charites celebrare choreas  
Conspicuum tacite nunc Iouis ante sedent.  
In terris speculum referentem numinis vltro  
Flaua Ceres deflet occubuisse sui.  
Doctrine exemplo Pallas viduata dolores,  
Concipit heu quantos, quarq; Diana gemit.  
Denique flere diem tam crudis vulneris omnes  
Constituere Dci, constituere Deæ.  
Vnica sed luctus inter solatia restant,  
Ab Ioue quod mortis præmia digna feret.  
Omnia corruerent, terris habitare iuuaret,  
Hoc si non inter damna leuamen erat.

Humanas voces, lachrymas quin fundere mallent,  
Mallent nobiscum morte dolore pari.  
Sad te Iam ne potest vrgerere miserrima tellus,  
Iam ne potest coelum, cura, dolorq; Deum?  
Respice quam viuum refecant tua vulnera, cinctam  
Heu, heu te Innumeris moxq; fatere malis.  
Est cito quo possunt sanari vulnera Diuum,  
Non possunt medica sed tua dira manu.  
Iam fas est crebris spumantia fletibus ora  
Ter, quater, æterna credo rigare die.  
Nunc gemitus, uoces, adeant suspiria cœlum,  
Perpetuam ducant mœstiamq; genæ.  
Nubila frons ducat, nulla hic demulceat aures:  
Res, res composita non eget ista coma.  
Gallia, Germanæ gentes, Hispania, vestri  
Exitij signum nunc tuba sæua dedit.  
Nunc oculos vestros, animosq; auertite, ripam  
Ticini aspiciant lumina vestra tenus.  
Alloquar Italiam? calcar currentibus addam:  
Ah nimium sentit vulnera læsa graui.  
Huc, huc horentes, huc, huc quo scunq; remissos  
Intendant oculos seruat vterque polus.  
Quod lachrymas citra nequeo memorare, videbunt  
ANDREAM supra spem potuisse mori.  
Crediderat potuisse mori gens tempore nullo  
Immortalis erat quod data fama viro.  
Hoc ipso asperius crudescunt vulnera verum  
Insperata virum mors quod iniqua rapit.  
Inuida mors dedecus quod te manet inuida turpe,  
Si qua facis, nobis vulnera cæca facis.  
Ille, ille Intactus contemptis sedibus istis  
Fœlix sydereos incolit ille lares.  
Carcere mortales miseris quallente relicti  
Luctificam nequeunt sed tolerare vicem.  
Cogitat humani generis dum quisq; salutem  
Extinctam, occurrit pro ratione furor.

Audiuerere graui Iuuenes qui voce tonantem  
Stillantes Lachrymas quam sine fine dabunt.  
Illiū atq; tubæ cultrix Germana Iuuentus  
Concitat o quantus pectora vestra dolor.  
Quantus te exagitat legum studiosa Iuuentus,  
Quantus te exagitat nocte, dieq; simul.  
Dicite nunc soliti pendere frequenter ab ore  
Q nām graue sit cani deseruisse, latus.  
Audistis quoties sapienter verba sonantem  
Gryphos abstrusos dissoluisse diu.  
Sperauī ne quoties hominem me posse videre,  
Et quæ saxa trahit me quoq; voce trahi.  
Nunc & non miseras aures explesse, tacentem  
Conspicere & saltem non potuisse dolet.  
Vrbs manet at quātus te te nunc maxima luctus  
Et capite, & charo tam vīdūata Duce.  
Lugentes tumulum cīngunt, passimq; parentes  
Quisq; gemens, & tu victa dolore laces.  
Laurea Iam ccesset, sapientes iam satis agro  
De Ticinensi prosiliere viri.  
Iam metuo domino extincto ne sole reliqua  
Destituant vestrum sydera forte solum.  
Tene vnq; potuisse igitur iustissime pastor  
Linquere propenos ad tua vota greges.  
Tene tui magni cultores numinis vnq;,  
Te ne vnquam fidos deseruisse tibi.  
Si cōcio fruitur quissquis mortalia curat  
Respice discessu vulnera quanta facis.  
Aspice sit quantis de te dolor, aspice quantæ  
Sint Lachrymæ, quanta & solicitude premat.  
Hoc scio (si solita fulges pietate beatus)  
Pro nostris lachrymas fletibus ipse dabis.  
Nunc minus illa micat lampas Phœbeia terris,  
Nunc iter incerto nunc pede quisq; facit.  
Exitium, exitium promittunt sydera, raptus  
Crimina, ridiculum dicere fūta foret.

Corde fluunt Lachrymæ mortalibus, vndiq; luctus  
Nascitur: innumeris omnia plena malis.  
Hæc fecisse docent, hæc te miracula ferris  
Conuitum, terras de stituisse docent.  
Vertentur lachrymæ in furias, vertentur amaram  
In rabiem, surget squallida Tisiphonæ.  
Quando iuuant demum medicamina nulla, ministret  
Accensis animus ne furor arma timet.  
Cum superis prompti bellum renouare gigantes  
Innumeris ob raptum te statuere Ducem.  
Hoc pius, hoc crimen, scelus, hoc auerte, tueræ.  
Et saltem miseris qua ratione potes.  
Sis memor & saltem polles quo numine, terras  
Debentes nimium sæpe iuuare tibi.  
Immortale tuum tollent ad sidera nomen,  
Et tibi pro meritis carmina multa dabunt.  
Terra tui cultrix prima te fruge piabit,  
Atq; ego sic carpens sydera voce querar.  
Hic iacet A N D R E A S quondam qui lumina terris  
Omni plena sui parte corusca dedit,  
Ast vbi mortalis dissoluit vincula vitæ  
Terra miser partes non tulit usq; suras.  
Res data sorte fuit, Terris est fama relicta  
Sorte tulit cinceres marmor & ossa capax.  
Spiritus ætherei sedes confugit ad altas  
Agmine coelesti cum comitante Ducis.  
Illic suscepsum gremio, cupidisq; lacertis  
Auguror æterno tempore pace frui.

FINIS.

IVLII ZVR LAE  
C A R M I N A ,  
M O R S .

M Esemel euictam ducentiq; agmina ligno,  
Quod fuit in terris primi mihi Causa triunphi  
Euulsum a magno rerum genitore recordor  
Imperium nostrum toto, quod stabat olymbo  
Horrendum, quando ipsa Comas erecta tonanti  
Terribilem ostendi vultum, faciemq; minantei  
Non ante auditas poenas, durosc; labores  
Tunc hominum quicquid fuerat, mea iusta timebat,  
Nec secus atq; artus, animos hac falce Secabam,  
Ast humili spolio victrix nunc dextra potitur,  
Conamur, famamq; hominum, nomenq; sopire,  
Heu paruos ausus, Heu quam nunc debile regnum,  
Contemptaq; faces, mea magna potentia quondam,  
Iamq; satis fato, superumq; ardentibus iris  
Esse datum potuit, meritas iam sanguine pñas  
Solvimus & nundum fugit pñcordibus horror,  
At non his contenta malis mens dira deorum  
Sævit adhuc, renouatq; atros in corde dolores,  
Et parat arma, quibus rapiat(miserabile visu)  
Quod supereft regni nec non sine numine sceptri  
Vir fuit italæ claris productus in oris  
ALCIA TVS Celeri deductum nomen ab alce  
Hunc ego tartareis furijs agitata tot annos  
Persequor, atq; sña nitor prohiberæ Mineruæ,  
Nam mihi q; primum nostras peruenit ad aures,  
Hunc fore qui longe nostros excedere fines  
Poslit, & in vita me in terris sistere famam,  
Oppugnare vias, Conaricq; omnia contra  
Mens fuit, iniurias nam sic contendere fatis,  
Possc; credebam venientem auertere pestem,  
Ast inimica mihi soboles defensa deorum  
Ense fuit, semperq; meas elapsa retexit

Insidias, quamq; nostro venus aī malabori  
Annuit, atq; viro visa est contraria viuo,  
Nunc vero optato tandem cum fine potiri  
Debueram, & gratos fructus sentire laborum,  
Quandoquidem e terris iustum falx depulit hostem  
Ecce iterum rediens mutata ueste per ora  
Perq; virum memores animos mihi bella mouere  
Præparat indomitus, diuumq; exultat in armis,  
Ipsa quid infelix faciant, mens ardet in hostem,  
Ac pudet incepto vietam desistere, & vni.  
Succubuisse viro, Superos quæ pellere coelo  
Haud quondam timui, magnū quæ sum ausa tonātem  
Quærere, & horrenti secum concurrere bello,  
Me ne igitur vinci: dominum me ferre secundum:  
Ast ego si terris dominor, si dextera fortis  
Sceptra tenet, si non nobis audacia cessit,  
Scipiadas duros terris si cedere iussi,  
Nec fura me contra defendit musa Maronem  
Iusq; insidijsq; modum finem ue labori  
Non prius imponam, quam memet in omnia versam,  
Coreptumq; odijs pectus spes deserat omnis,  
Vincere si nequeo fatis contraria nostris  
Fata viri, in partem saltem minuisse licebit,  
Nil non addebo, nostris socia arima rapacis  
Temporis adiungam, cœci quoq; limina Ditis,  
Infernasci domos visam, precibusq; Sorores  
Tartareas, hominum linguas, inuadere, & hostis  
Aeream vitam cogam dissoluere moris,  
Sed quo me furor iste rapit: quæ me arma iuabunt  
In diuum infractas vires, in fulmina diuum:  
Ipsa quidam sumpta fallacis imagine famæ  
Decepiveteres, quando non omnia vitam,  
Facta trahunt, sed quæ superum sententia laudat,  
Famag, quæ summo dissentit ab æthere, nostra est,  
At nunc eror abest, quodq; alto rapta dolore  
Debellare paro, non est mortale, nec horret

Latratus hominum, rapidos namque temporis ausus,  
Credo equidem quondam tacituros marte poetas,  
Nec semper sacris sedem fore legibus vnam,  
Et quandoque suus, quibus est data copia fandi,  
Deerit honos, minuetque ætas virtutis honores  
Nunc hos, nunc illos, variabitque omnia tempus,  
Attamen & semper fuit, & Iouis inclita proles  
Semper erit Pallas, tota hoc quæ in pectore sedit,  
Quamque etiam medijs magnum resonabit in armis  
**ALCIATI** nomen, stabitque armata Minerua,  
Ergo ego quæ magnas Aasias res voluere, & omne  
Deuastare solum, Latiasque euertere gentes,  
Et notum Cœlo Romanum extinguerem nomen,  
Quæque nouæ & veteris potuji Carthaginis arces  
Hac æquare solo dextra, nunc vincor ab uno  
**ALCIATO**, hic rerum victa victrice triumphat,  
Atque ipsa hostilem ducor captiua per orbem.

FINIS.

**CONSTANTIVS LANDVS**  
**COMES PLACENTINVS IN**  
**MORTEM DIVINI ALCIATI.**



**A**LCIATO extincto ceciderunt culmina legum:  
Rursum & inuasit barbaries latium.

**ALIVD.**

Alciati ob mortem Permessi exaruit ynda:  
Et creuere amnes Italiæ lachrimis.

**ALIVD.**

Maximus interpres legum cum concidit heros  
Alciatus, Musæ tunc periere nouem.

**ALIVD.**

Alciato nascente suum accepere nitorem  
Leges, hoc ipso depereunte iacent.

**N** E hai dunque o Morte rea tolto il gran lume  
Illustrator delle Romane leggi?  
Per cui i dispersi sian sempre i bei greggi  
Ber non potendo più l'usato fiume.  
Hor che estinto e sì valoroso nume,  
Chi potra più guidarti a i sommi seggi  
Dell' eloquenza, che non mai vaneggi  
O adorna Giouentu di bon costume?  
Piange Italia mia dunque, e Pianga il Mondo  
Epiangeate voi meco o cari amici,  
Pianga minerua, e le noue sorelle.  
Poi c' habiam perso il primo nō'l secondo  
Honor d' ogni virtu, che se felicci.  
I cor gentil, e l' innalzo alle stelle.

**F E D E R I C V S S C O T V S ,**  
**CO M E S P L A C E N T I N V S ,**  
**I N M O R T E M D I V I N I**  
**A L C I A T I .**



**A** Vrea qui iecit per terras semina veri  
Legiferum promens abdita sensa virum,  
Hic situs est, Mediolanum cui præbuit ortum,  
Gallia quem mititi souit & auxit ope:  
Quemque reportarunt populi ceruice Latini  
Pene sua, lugent orba parente suo  
Gymnasia ALCIATVM: ridet lætissimus ipse,  
Cum tribuit quod erat denique cuique suum:  
Corpus humo, cœloque animam, nobisque libellos  
Quem velut induxit legibus ipse diem:  
Et quibus abstersit multum mœroris amicis  
Fleturis alias insatiabiliter.

Impressum Papiae, Apud Franciscum Moschenum,  
Bergomensem. Et Iouanem Baptistam Nigrum,  
Socios Ciuesque Papienses. 1550.









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